

Play Billiards

at Home—the Cost Is Trifling

A few cents a day will soon make you the owner of a handsome Burrowes Table. You can play on the Table while paying for it. No special room is needed. Burrowes Tables can be mounted on dining or library table or on their own legs or folding stand. Put up or taken down in a minute. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 ft. (standard).



BURROWES

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE

is splendidly made and correct in every detail. The most expert shots, calling for skill of the highest order, can be executed with the utmost precision. Some of the leading professionals use Burrowes Tables for home practice.

\$1.00 DOWN

Terms are very easy—\$1 or more down (depending upon size and style selected), and a small amount each month. Prices from \$15 up. Cues, balls, etc., free.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This insures you a free trial. Write today or mail this coupon.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 205 Center Street, Portland, Me.

Please send catalog of Billiard Table offers.

Name _____

Address _____

Throw Your Voice!

Into the next room, under the bed, out in the hall or ANYWHERE. Fool the Teacher, Parents, or Friends. Lots of FUN

The Ventrilo

is a little instrument that fits in the mouth out of sight. BOYS or GIRLS can use it. A 22 page book on the Art of Ventriloquism sent with the Ventrilo for 10cts. ROYAL NOVELTY CO., Dept. 17, South Norwalk, Conn.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Your advertisement inserted in the classified column of the

ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES

will be placed upon the library table of more than one million four hundred thousand homes each week.

RATE, \$100 PER LINE.

Smallest space sold, 4 lines. Largest 12 lines. No fakes or extraneous copy accepted.

ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES

1 Madison Avenue, N. Y. Herald Building, Chicago

FLORIDA FARM LANDS

THE LAND OF MANATEE—a north Florida's attractive Gulf Coast. Delightful climate year-round. An independent income from a small cultivated area in the heart of Florida's frost-proof fruit and vegetable growing district. Geoculture, oranges, citrus, lettuce, tomatoes, oleo-milk, acacia sun, being harvested. Three and four thousand acres under cultivation. Growing cases, gardens. Growers become the best paid progressive little cities, with fine schools, churches and every advantage surrounded by hospitable people, farmers from all parts of United States. Handbook 64 page book of facts and photos mailed free. J. A. Price, General Industrial Agent, Seaboard Air Line Ry., Suite 605, N. York, Va.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SPLENDID PAYING BUSINESS ready for refusal, requiring man or woman, over 21 years old, to take joint as distinct agent. Large corporations. Good business opportunities. Thousands of small investors. Every kind of advertising. Investments of \$250 to \$1,000 required. Possibilities pay over \$2,000 yearly. Full story references required. Fred C. Davis, Buffalo, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

I guarantee \$10 for first photographs, & write my story, start method. As former Secretary of State, I have written many books. I speak with authority. Send \$1.00 back to me. How to Write Photographs. Oliver Moore, 1025 N. Congress.

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS. \$8 per each. Content demand. Devote all of your time. Experience or correspondence course not required. Details free. Aids Publishing Co., 1304 Atchison Building, Cincinnati, O.

CORPORATIONS

INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS IN ARIZONA. Least cost. Transmit business, keep books anywhere. President Stoddard, former Secretary of Arizona. Free Tax By-Laws and Forms. References: Atchison Bank in Arizona. Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 882, Phoenix, Arizona.

SALESMAN WANTED

SALESMAN—SIDE LINE—ELECTRIC SIGN—Business character working in radiant, sparkling beams of colored electric light—outdoor—everything at \$10. Terms, three days. \$100 weekly profit. Flashing Sign Works, Chicago.

into his chair momentarily stricken dumb by this curt disposal of his proposition, and was a little irritated by his visitor's air of dogged persistence fighting for another loophole. Steadily the old frontiersman returned to the attack. Time and again his auditor declined to consider the proposal and looked at the clock. At last he spoke irritably, bluntly, harshly:

"Absolutely nothing doing! Besides," he added, wishing to make his refusal distinctly positive, "there is no firm that would think of taking this project up on—well—one man's word. You have practically nothing to offer but—pardon me—practically nothing but your own judgment and reliability." He could not entirely conceal the sneer in his voice, the intolerance for one who came with neither standing, references, nor backing.

SLOWLY the old man's eyes turned full on him with a hurt, puzzled stare, and then cleared to a harsh and angry frown. Even his patience was at an end. "I've waited a long time, a little more'n seventy years," he said sternly, "to have my honesty questioned—and that too by the son of the man who once slept under the same blankets with me! My reliability is somethin' you could have found out by telegraphin' to the West where I come from, out there where—"

He stopped for a moment, reminded by his own words of his great home hunger, of his faithful trust that his old friend would prove his rock of refuge in storm, of the days and nights when they together had shared the trail, and his fierce protest was dissipated in a flood of old memories. The elaborate office, the muffled clangor of streetcars far below, the strange hum and noisy throb of the great maelstrom into which he had wandered unwittingly, were gone, and once more he was back in his young manhood, treading the hills, loving the plain, homely girl that to him would ever be young, working, planning, fighting, side by side with the father of this man who had the power to save, but withheld even hope in this great emergency when everything, even honorable solvency, was at stake. He spoke almost to himself, indignant, yet sorrowful.

"I've played the game fair, as I saw how. I've owed nothin' I didn't pay. I've made no promises I didn't keep. Other men, all my life, have taken my word. And now in my need for someone to stand behind me, when my back's against the wall, it's the son of Toluse Oakes that turns me away! Somehow, if it had been someone else, it wouldn't have hurt quite so bad. It would have been a little easier to go back home, licked for the first time, and tell Maw that it was someone else that did it."

He got to his feet, a tired, trembling old man, and straightened himself to his gaunt height, and looked down at the embarrassed financier who was watching him.

"I've been a fool!" he said in a thoughtful voice. "I carried all my eggs in one basket because I had faith in a friend, and because I didn't know the ways of men who have so much money in their hands. You've made me see it. But you're not the kind that understands me, nor that I understand. You're not like the men who worked with their hands, as your father did, and as I did, men whose words were worth more than all they had in the bank. I ain't sure that you're to blame for not bein' of and like such men; but, young Mr. Oakes, I'm damned sure I don't want to be like you—though I don't wish your father's son any hard luck!"

Quite dignified and concealing his wounds, he walked to the door, out into the hallway, and down the twenty flight of stairs that led him to the street of the heartless world in which he had been rebuffed.

BEHIND him the financier, product of environment and education, reached for a push button to summon his next visitor—then failed to push it. He wavered in unaccustomed hesitation and incertitude. The room still echoed with that quiet arraignment. It was still filled with a sturdy, patriarchal, trusting figure of honesty that had come across a continent, confident and buoyed by hope through its own rectitude and its ideals of friendship. Without analyzing why, the successful son of a successful father felt suddenly young and weak, abashed and incompetent. Almost impetuously he stepped to the door leading to his private office and said curtly:

"Tell anyone who wants to see me that I shall be busy for sometime, and then, to the amazement of the secretary, added, 'I've got a long letter to write to my father, that I think I'll write myself.'

CEASLESSLY the maelstrom whirled on, heedless of those caught in its revolutions; ceaselessly the hopes of the hopeful were buffeted, and men rose or fell as chance carried them upward, or threw them

downward. More than a month had slipped away across the calendar before Honest Joe dismounted from a friendly wagon where the overgrown trail turned from the main road toward Caballeros Camp, thanked the mountaineer who had given him a "lift," and strode slowly up the familiar way. His eyes roved from tree to tree, some of which he had whimsically named, all of which he had whimsically loved; but from none could he draw consolation. At the very turn where he must step from the cover of the forests out into the open he paused, and fought for words and control. Now or never he must appear cheerful, despite his own defeat! And all he asked was little, the strength to appear courageous and break bad news softly; for clearly, in his own mind, the future was cloud-black and distressed.

He rallied a choking voice to shout a boisterous, boozing "Hello!" and twice croaked like a bird of ill omen before he could master it, and swell it to its task. Mary Ann appeared in the shadows of the porch, tremulous, and lifted her hand to her eyes as the sound swept over the clearing, the crumbling heaps of rocks, and the half buried ruins. Bravely he met her and bravely he tried to dissimulate; but it was not until the moon had gained above the eastern peaks and wrought still shadows in the borderland and lacework under the trees, that he sat with her alone, on the worn old seat outside, and confessed the failure of his enterprise.

"I had forgotten," he said softly, "that to those back there in the cities without hearts I am only an unknown old man, trying to make money for his old age, and with nothin' but his own name to work with. I had forgotten that nobody knew me, and none believed. I'd depended too much on their known' that I meant to be honest. I had hoped they could tell that I told the truth. So, when I found Toluse was away off beyond reach, and his son wouldn't listen, I tried other men with money. All of them were hard to get to; all of them laughed and turned me out."

She laid a withered, work-worn hand on

his where it rested despondently on his knee, and its gentle pressure encouraged him.

"Well," he said, in a voice scarcely above a murmur, "I've at least tried. In just four days all the options are dead; so the great plan is done. We're a little poorer than we was, because I owe money; but somehow, somehow, Maw, we'll find a way out."

He paused, and then in a voice that bordered on despair, but still shouted its fervent belief in the justice of life, "We can't get the worst of it! God don't let them that's done their best, and has bravery to meet all things, get whipped when the game of life is so far gone! There is a way! There must be!"

OUT in the borders of the clearing there was audible to their finely attuned ears, accosted med to the great silences of the hills, an unusual sound. They listened, startled by anything so strange. It was the soft thudding of horses' hoofs, and the rattling of wheels over an occasional twig. Astonished, they got to their feet and stared out into the moonlit night as a mountain wagon drawn by tired horses came into the clearing, crossed it, wound its way past the gray ruins of moldering, fallen cabins, and came to a halt in front of where they stood. A very old man crawled stiffly out of the vehicle, and dropped a suitcase with a thump.

"Well, Joe," a decisive, almost pedantic voice snarled out, "I'm here! Came as quick as I could, after I got the letter from that fool boy of mine, and now, sure as there's an ounce of fight left in us, you and I'll put her through, Joe, just like we used to! And I ain't so sure, Mary Ann, that after we've won out I ever want to go back there again. This place seems like—well, just like old times! Just like home!"

And all the trees seemed to straighten to the task, and all the world to be young again, and filled with accomplishment and hope. The very breezes of the night rolled through the pines and shouted that whose faith and courage drive, neither age nor misfortune may bar the way!

THE GRUNT OF THE PIGSKIN

Continued from page 3

football field from one hundred and ten yards to one hundred yards.

THERE were last year two principles in general use in football which prove how vital the element of suspense has become to success. The first of these is the development of down-field interference. Interference had previously been neglected; a few forwards and all the backs would engage either singly or en masse certain of the opponents who stood in the line of success of the movement attempted. Since engagement en masse has been stamped out of football the imperative need of good interference has given new vitality to the working out of "assignments" for each man.

In the Harvard-Yale game of last year you could more than once see nearly perfect football,—ten duels in which two men were testing each other's ability and strength, ten defenders trying to get around, over, or past their opposites, while the man with the ball was left free to pick a path through the separate encounters straight toward the quarterback who was waiting for him in the back field. Hitherto it has been theory, and theory alone, that each one of the attack was to block off, upset, or keep engaged his opposite in individual encounter, while the back who carries the ball must, with one arm out of commission, personally engage only a single opponent. But in that game last year team play reached that height of perfection in the actual heat of the struggle.

The very name of the other new mode of attack—the shift—gives us warning of that uncertainty about the ultimate direction of every good ball game, but which in American football has reached its highest development. The shift has many forms.

By far the most popular now of all that have been tried is the "jump" shift. In this, upon an agreed signal given by the quarterback of the attacking team, a number of the forwards on one wing of the rush line jump from their positions to the opposite wing. For example, the left guard and tackle shift on to the right wing, taking their stations immediately to the right of center, while the right guard and tackle simply go out toward the side line a couple of yards to make room for them. Thus an unbalanced line is created.

The trick of making a shift successfully consists in making the half of just the merest fraction of a second after the men have moved into their new stations, so that the

impetus of the jump may be retained for the actual charge into the opponent's line. The rules of football declare that no more than one man may be in motion at the time the ball is snapped from center; therefore a perceptible halt must occur. But the trick is to make this halt just long enough to avoid a penalty for breaking that rule, and yet not long enough to permit the opponents to shift their defense rapidly opposite the strengthened wing. Provided the attack has the advantage of even a second in swiftness of shifting, they can thus attack an opposition that is off its balance.

A less obvious but far greater advantage of the shift, which was prominent in 1912 and 1913, seems now to be vanishing into thin air. During these two seasons the shift was made in several moves. It was the custom for the players first to drop back from the line of scrimmage and reform in a wedge, a double triangle, or in three lines of two ranks each. Then, when the quarterback gave his snappy signal, "Heads," they jumped to the right wing or to the left wing, halting a fraction of a second when they had reached the line of scrimmage, and then off went the play. By these maneuvers the minds of the waiting defense were filled with that uncertainty, nervous tension, and suspense which gave the shift its greatest advantage. Like the veil of a charmer that, when seen by itself, is commonplace enough, but when seen in use, screening unknown features, seems such a mystery, that shift was calculated to put even veterans into an uneasy frame of mind. This power of the shift has been pretty thoroughly destroyed since the defense have now learned to bait themselves as rapidly as the attack can.

In place of the shifting of the forwards, the soundest of coaching in 1914 will favor, according to our view, the free use of shifts by the backs. This is not a new maneuver, but its effectiveness was so thoroughly demonstrated during the last three seasons by the Dartmouth teams, coached by Frank Cavanaugh, and by the Colgate team, coached by Frank Somme, that it is being adopted generally as a standard primary deception which is of greatest value. The shifts of backs, so far from giving away the men to who will carry the ball, are invaluable because they do away with the possibility of a successful attack; sec., the tendency of backs to give away the direction in which they are going to move, by looking or leading in that direction. This shift of the backs corresponds closely to the tenth lead with